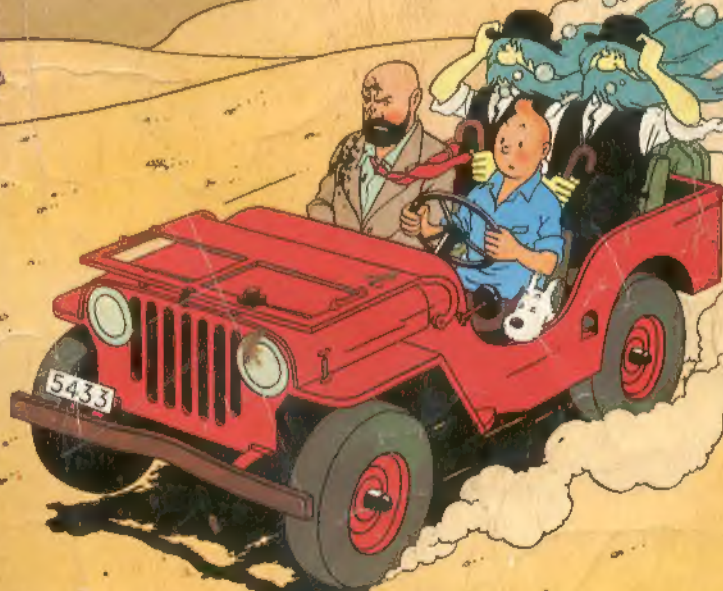


HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
LAND
OF
BLACK GOLD

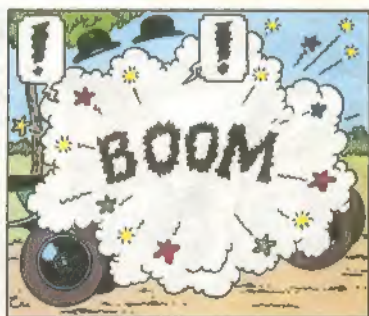
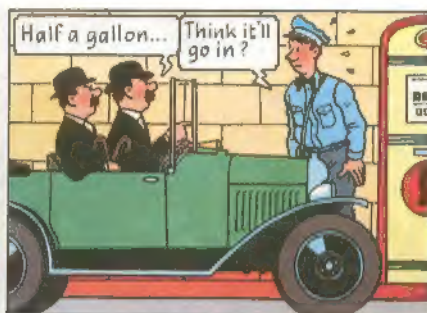
الذهب الأسود

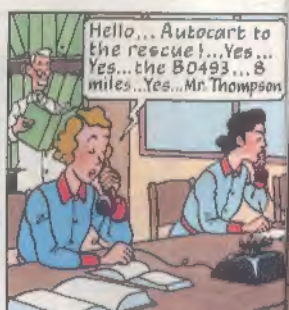
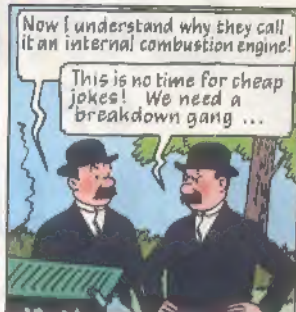
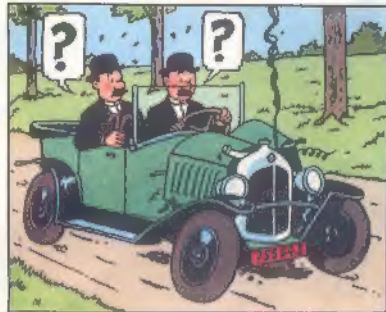


MAGNET

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود





Next morning ...

"Crisis deepens - official
"On the brink of war?"
"Are we prepared?" ...
"Call-up for army re-
serve" ... "Forces on
standby". Things
look bright, I must say.



Yes... Tintin
here... Oh, hello
Captain... How
are you? ... Any
news?



"I've just had Admiralty orders:
"Captain Haddock. Immediate.
Proceed to assume command
of merchant vessel blank
blank" (the name's secret,
of course) "at blank, where
you will receive further
orders." So that's that... I've
been mobilised! ... No,
there won't be time
to see you. I'm off
right away... I'll keep
in touch ...
"Bye, Tintin."



Goodbye, Captain,
and good luck.
Let's hope it's
only a false
alarm ...



Hello!

Good morning.
What news?



What news! Plenty! Something
very odd has just happened!

To be precise ... we just
happen to be very odd!

Really? Tell me
about it. Come
in ...



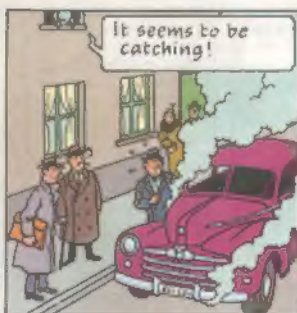
Well, we'd just filled up with
petrol and were driving
peacefully along, when all of
a sudden, without a word of
warning ... our car went ...



BOOM



It seems to be
catching!



It certainly is... That's exactly
what happened to us!

Yes. And that's
not all ...

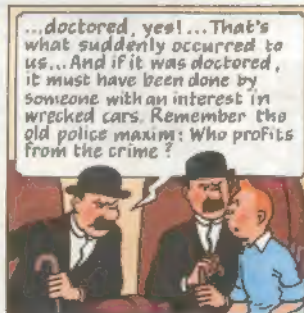


A few minutes later my cigar-
ette lighter, filled at the same
pump, blew up in my hands ...

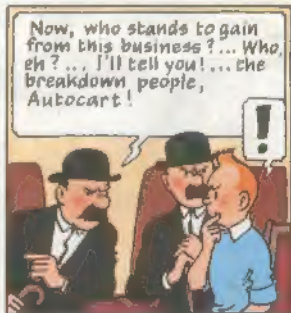
The petrol ... it
must have
been ...



...doctored, yes! ... That's
what suddenly occurred to
us... And if it was doctored,
it must have been done by
someone with an interest in
wrecked cars. Remember the
old police maxim: Who profits
from the crime?



Now, who stands to gain
from this business? ... Who,
eh? ... I'll tell you! ... the
breakdown people,
Autocart!



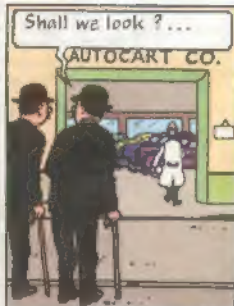
No doubt about it: Autocart doctors the petrol. When the engine blows up, you send for a breakdown truck. And who do you call? The people who do the most advertising: Autocart!

I suppose it's possible, but...

No buts! It's a certainty!... We're taking up the case, and by this time next week we'll have enough evidence to arrest the entire board of directors.

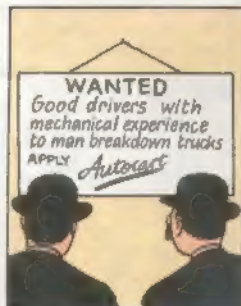
Good luck to you!...

For a start, we'll take a snoop around the Autocart garage...



Shall we look?...

AUTOCART CO.



WANTED
Good drivers with mechanical experience to man breakdown trucks
APPLY *Autocart*



Well, what do you think?... It's a perfect cover... gives us a chance to see what goes on inside the place...

Good idea...



Next day...

Now, you know what you're supposed to be doing?

Certainly we do, sir!



I must say, I'm intrigued by this petrol business...

?



I'd like to get to the bottom of it...

You aren't starting another of your adventures are you? Why don't we retire?

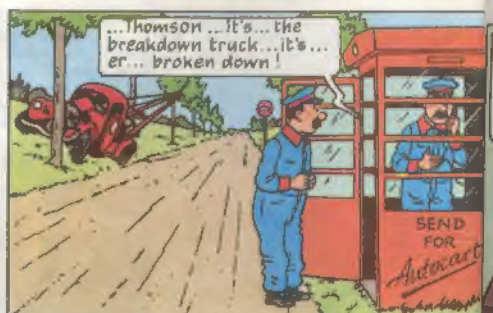


The managing director, please

ENQUIRY

Meanwhile...

Hello! Autocart to the rescue... Yes... Yes... B 0494 ... For Mr...?



...Thomson... It's... the breakdown truck... it's... er... broken down!

SEND FOR *Autocart*

Would you like to comment, sir, on the situation created by the deterioration in petrol quality ...

Catastrophic!
The situation is catastrophic ...

Look! In two months, consumption has dropped by 65% ... And it's falling every day ... This very morning ...

SALES CHART

... the airline companies decided to suspend all services because of the dangers of fuel explosions in the air ... Oil shares have slumped to half their value ... the bottom's dropping out of the market ... It's a disaster! ... A catastrophe!

Even worse! What about the international situation? ... Supposing war comes ... breaks out tomorrow? ... Imagines what'll happen ... Ships ... planes ... tanks ... The armed forces completely immobilised! ... The mind boggles! ... Disaster!

What do you think has caused this sudden change in the petrol?

That's the question we'd all like to answer! Nothing has changed at the oilfields, or in the refineries, so it has to be sabotage ...

We took samples at the wells, from storage depots, aboard the tankers, in the refineries, and we had them analysed ... Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then we decided to treat the petrol itself, to prevent it exploding. Our top scientists are working night and day on the problem ... to find some way of ...

BOOM

Another car blowing up! ... Where was I? Oh yes ... My senior research officer says they are on the verge of success in our labs ... I'm expecting a call from him any moment now to say they've found the solution ...

That'll be him ... Do you mind? ...

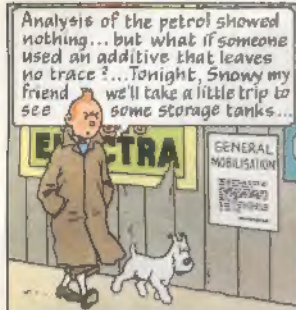
No, of course ...

RRRING
RRRING

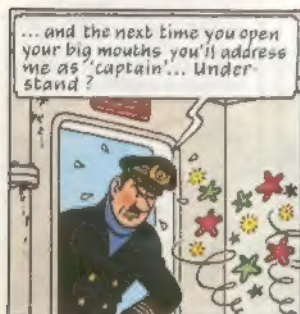
Yes! ... Well, you've got it! ... An answer? ... What? ... Nothing at all? ... Nothing! ... I see ... Well, it's a pity ... You'll just have to keep at it ...

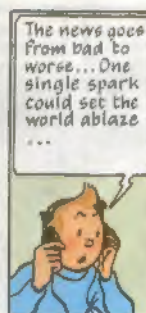
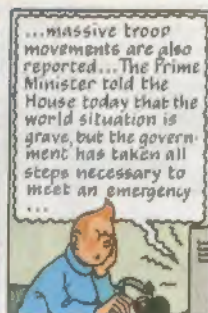
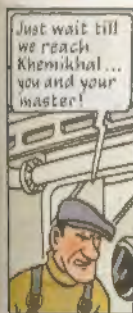
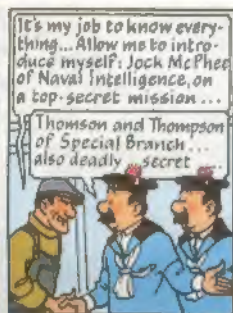
What? ... Should you go on with the research? Of course ... surely that's obvious ... Why bother to ask? ...

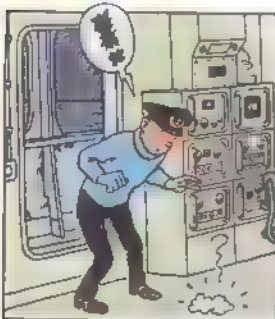
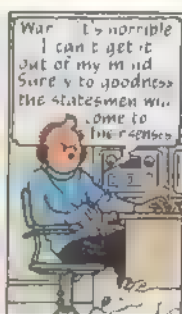
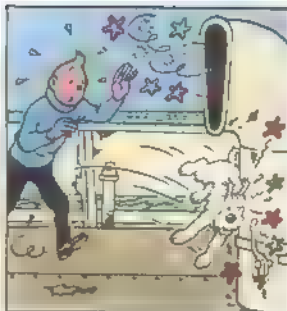
Because if we're to go on, sir, you'll have to consider building a new laboratory!

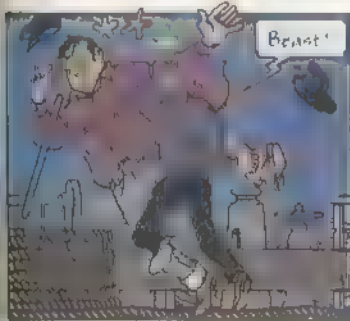
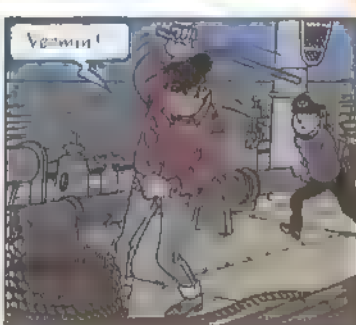


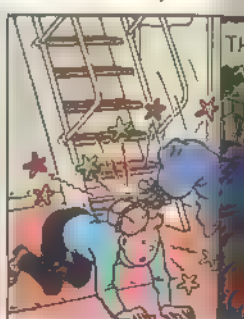
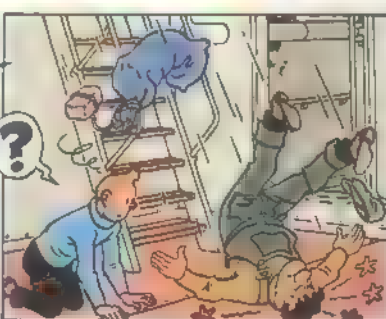
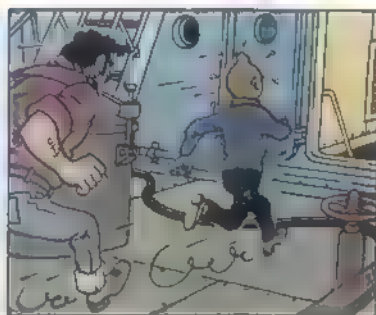














Shakes!!



Supposing it's



SNOWY!



Murderer! You were going to drown my dog!

Your dog? What dog?



Dog? Foddy! A foggy dog! Ha Ha Ha Little dog laughed That rum rum te tum! Fifteen men on the dead man's chest



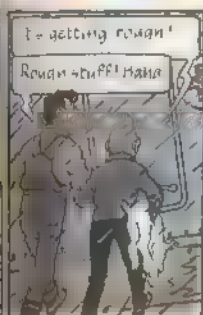
Why not? Rub it with camphorated oil! And that's not all Sister busies sewing socks for soldiers!

He's knocked him self silly!



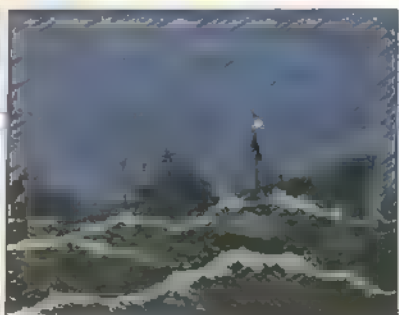
Here come with me!

On y on condit on that we go together



I'm getting rough!

Rough stuff! Haha

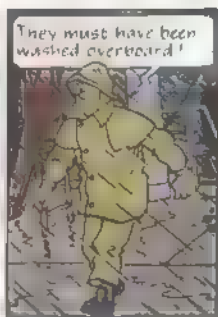


Have you seen the heavenly twins? I can't find them!

They came on the bridge with me then vanished!



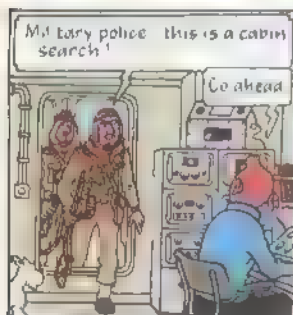
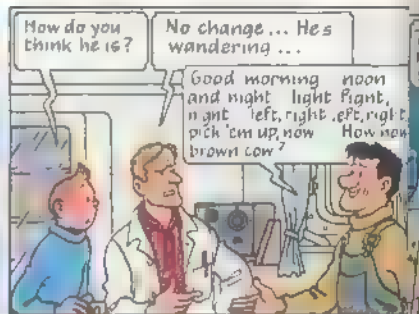
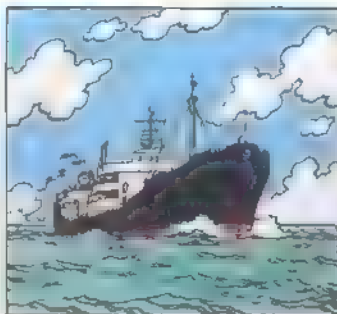
THOMSON! THOMPSON!



They must have been washed overboard!



Quick, Mr Mate! .. We've kept a place for you... so we'll all be ready when the ship starts to sink



These papers were hidden in the radio officer's cabin, sergeant.

Let me see!

Aha! All very interesting. A shipment of arms to Sheikh Bab El Ehr!

I assure you, sergeant, I...

Keep your hands off! We're police officers! We'll see you pay for this!

To be precise: you'll see we pay for this!

Heroin in their baggage sir. And they're pretending to be police officers!

'Indeed'

We were tricked, sergeant... An agent from Naval Intelligence gave us the package. He said it contained secret documents.

And where is this 'agent', eh?

He's here on board, sergeant... But he suddenly seems to have lost his wits!

Meaning that we can't question him, I suppose!... A neat little story... But it just happens that I am very far from losing MY wits!

What a fool we've been! Another false trail!

All right, get these three bright boys into the launch. They'll be interrogated ashore.

But

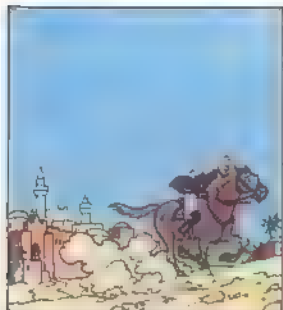


Who've you got there?

The two are just a couple of drug-smugglers, think. But the young one has important documents to do with Bab El Ehr.

Excellent work! Our noble sheikh will reward you when he comes to power! Go now!

Bab El Ehr must be informed!



That evening

I have come from Khemikhal, noble master. There I received news - the emir's soldiers have arrested a young fortune-teller.

Well?



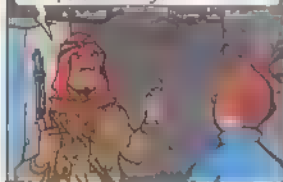
One of the guards works for us. He said he'd found papers on the prisoner - papers referring to an important shipment of arms for you.

The young man shall escape and be brought here to me!



Next morning

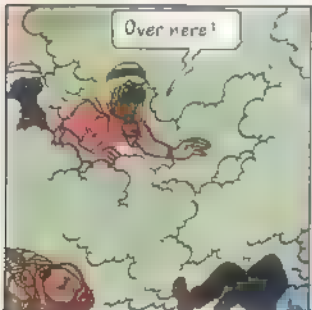
Come with me. You're going to the special security gaoi. The secret police want you for questioning.



There they are, Mohammed. Put your foot down!



Over here!



Hurry!



Meanwhile

We've checked your papers. They're in order. You can go.

Thank you. What about Tintin?

Your friend?
He was seized on his way here by Bab El Ehrs men.

Now we've got to find them... And that's a thankless job. They made the snatch, and vanished without trace. Still, there's a £5000 reward for anyone who leads us to the sheik's hideout.

Five thousand pounds! You needn't say that again!... By this time next week we'll bring you Bab El Ehrs trussed like a turkey!

Very good! May Allan go with you!

Next morning

Five thousand pounds reward!

Here's the young foreigner brought by your partisans, noble sheik.

Enter!

Greetings and welcome, young stranger. Heaven will bless you for embracing our great cause. Now when do the guns arrive?

What guns?

What guns? Our guns, our shipment of arms. You've brought news of their delivery, isn't that so?

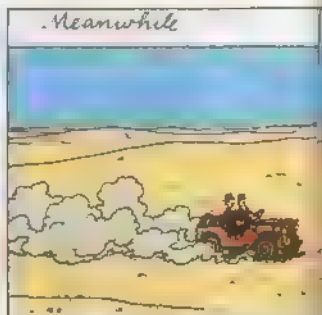
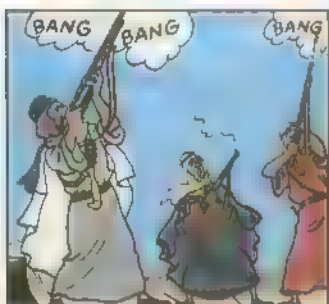
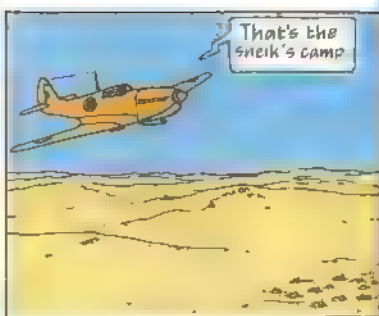
Me? Not me, most noble sheik.

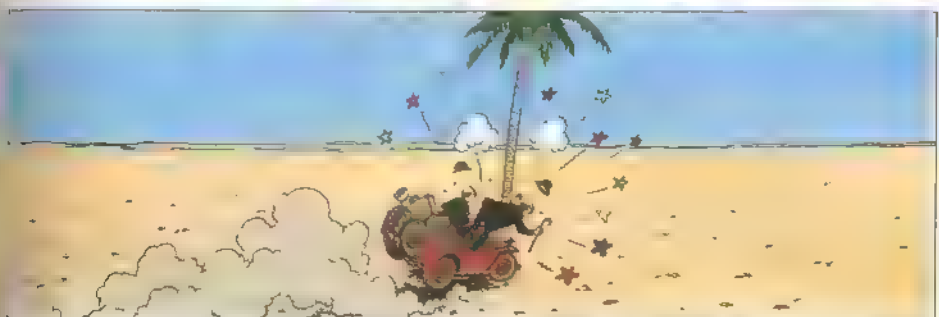
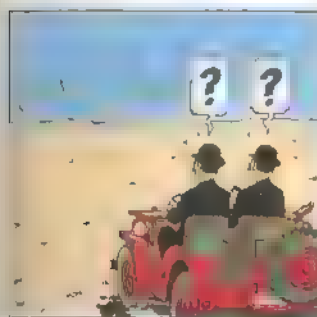
You lied to me, son of a mangy dog!

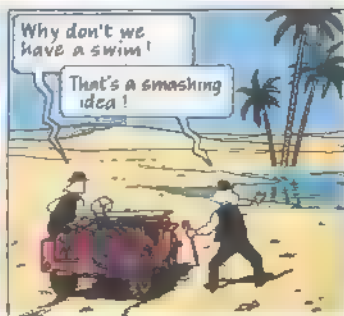
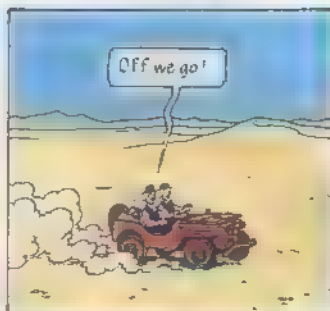
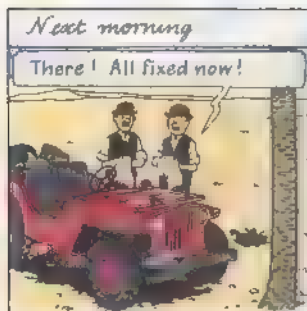
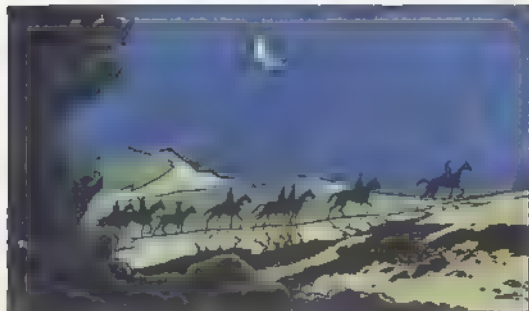
Oh, no, most powerful master. It was the guard who told me I swear by Allan!

That's quite true, noble sheik. Some papers were found in my cabin... but they didn't belong to me... And I've no idea who put them there.

It's a trick. A miserable trick to discover my hideout. I suppose you think I'll let you go? To run home and betray us to the police, those snivelling lap dogs of Ben Nalish Ezzar? Never! You stay here with us. You are my prisoner!







Meanwhile

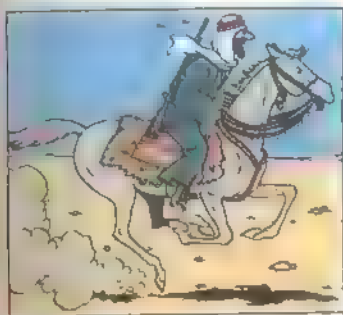


Allah be praised! ... See! The well of Bir Kegg!

Indeed!



Water! ... At last! ... I'm dying of thirst ...



A thousand curses! The well is dry!



No water! ... We must ride on!



The prisoner has fallen he is finished!

Untie his hands we will abandon him!



Wooah Wooah! ... Murderers! Rotten sand hoppers!



You and your sense of direction! A fat lot of good it's doing us!

I tell you we're all right. This is a main road ...

I can prove it ... Look!

Poooh! Another mirage!

There you are! ... I told you so!

!

This time there's no mistake we're saved!

My poor friend ... It's only a mirage ... Any fool can tell at a glance ...

No! No! I promise you it isn't!

It isn't eh? Very well I'll prove it ..

Whoops!

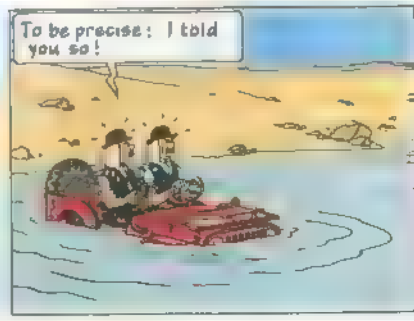
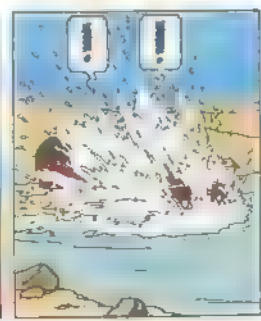
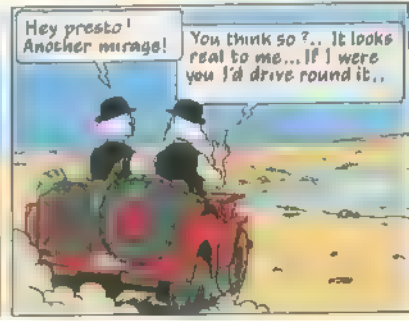
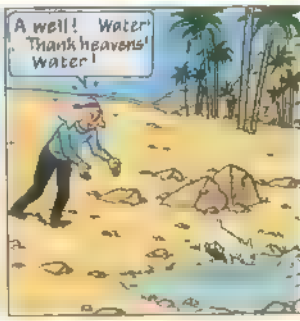
Oh ... my goodness ... I ... er ... I beg your pardon ... I mistook you for a mirage!

وصف عبد احسان
ملعون الكسور انه

You were absolutely right it wasn't a mirage

No?

Meanwhile





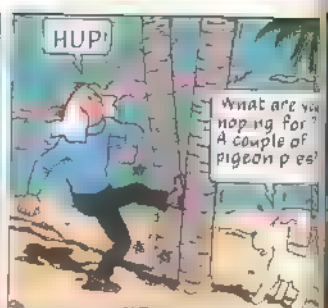
Aaah... That was marvelous!



Now, all we need is something to eat. I wonder... Yes!



We're in luck... Those are date palms... Let's see.

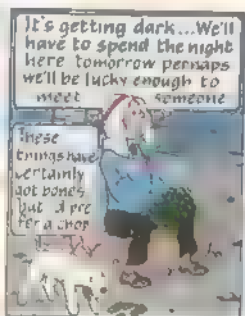


HUP!

What are you hoping for? A couple of pigeon peas?

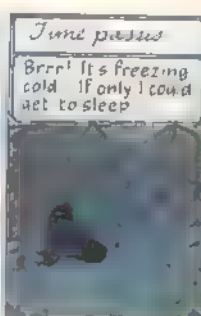


On Snowy I'm so sorry!



It's getting dark... We'll have to spend the night here tomorrow perhaps we'll be lucky enough to meet someone.

These things have certainly got bones but I prefer a chop.



Time passes

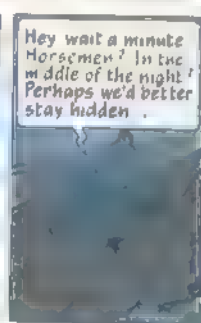
Brrr! It's freezing cold. If only I could get to sleep.



Sss! What's that noise?



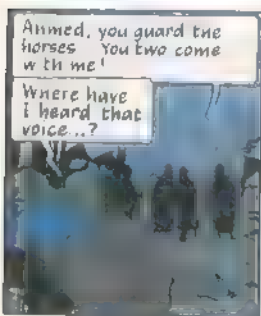
Horsemen!.. Snowy, our luck's really n! We'll be rescued!



Hey wait a minute Horsemen? In the middle of the night? Perhaps we'd better stay hidden.



They're all sloughing.



Ammed, you guard the horses. You two come with me!

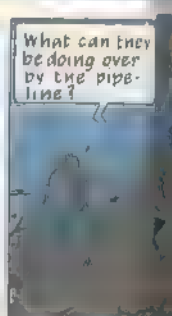
Where have I heard that voice...?



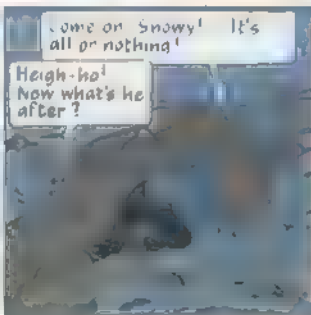
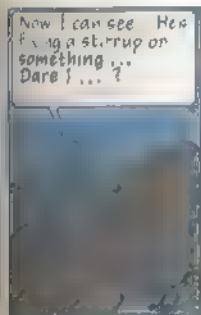
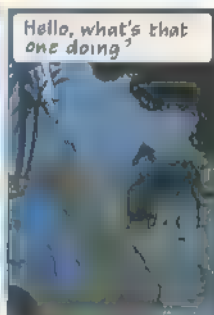
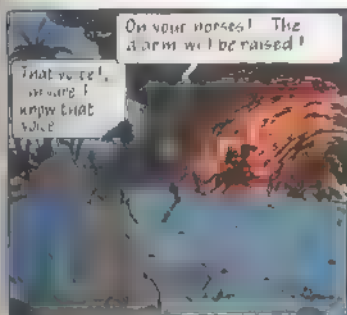
What's going on?



Get on with it and hurry!



What can they be doing over by the pipeline?





Meanwhile.

Hello hello
pumping station
twelve reporting
total loss of pressure
...pipe must be
broken above this
station. Please
send a repair-gang
immediately



I must be mad. This is crazy.
But it's too late now. I've
taken a chance and can't
turn back.



Hello Hello Pumping station eleven.
Number one control here. Close
all valves immediately. The pipes fractured
between you and number two.
... A repair gang
on the way.



This is where we separate. It
will confuse any pursuers...
Ahmed will come with me.



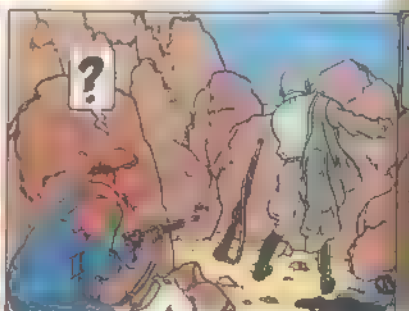
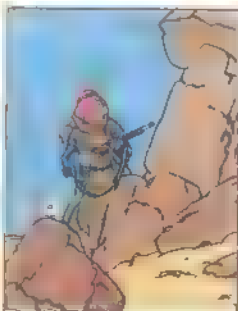
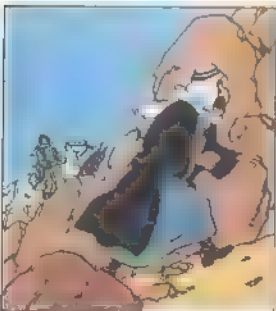
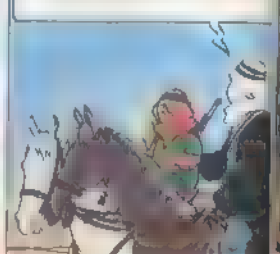
Where in the world have I
heard that voice?

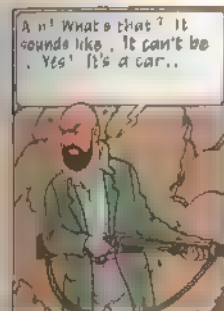
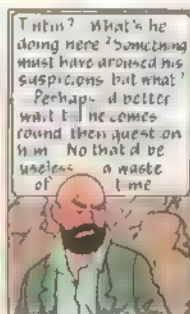
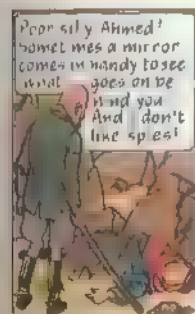
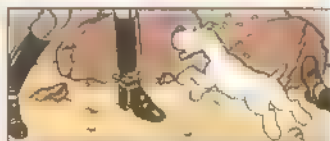
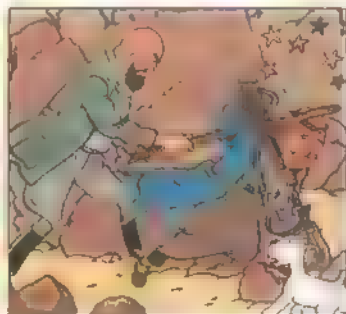
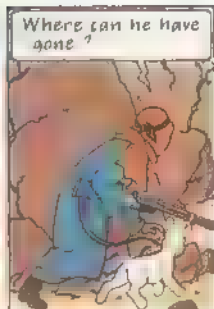


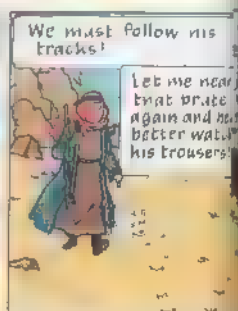
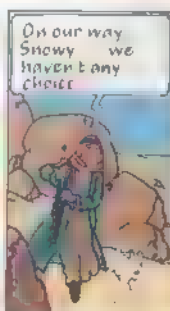
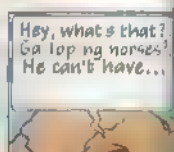
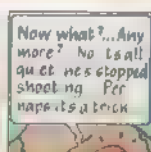
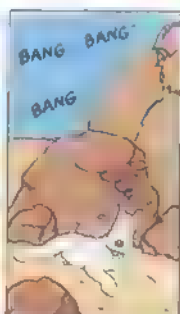
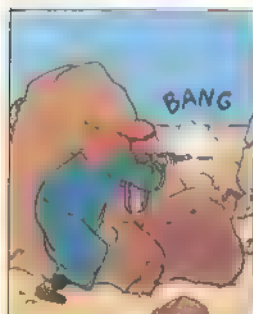
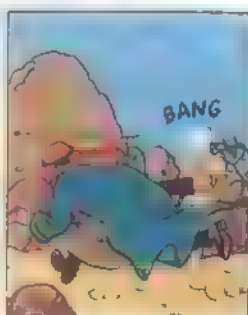
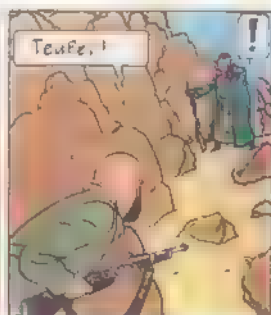
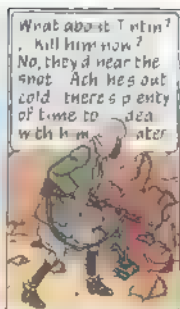
Whoa!



Hold my horse... Wait here
... I'll be back in a moment.







What's it all about? What's that gangster Müller doing here? ... And why should he want to wreck the pipeline? ... When he had me at his mercy, why didn't he kill me? ... I just don't have any of the answers



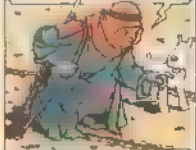
He... I can't be mistaken. Let's take a closer look..



They're wheelmarks. Snowy ... This really is a bit of luck!



Let's see...! I say they were tyres on a jeep ... The sand and pebbles were thrown back by the wheels, so it was travelling that way. We'll go in the same direction

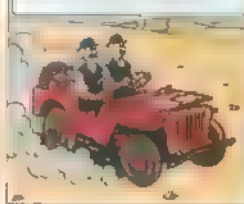


And we'll worry about our friend Müller later



Meanwhile

I don't like it, Thomson ... If we don't get somewhere soon



It's all right! ... Look! ... There! .. Tracks of a car!

Quite correct! And they aren't a mirage, either!

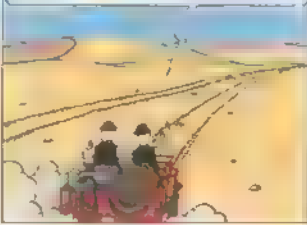


All we do is follow the tracks and we're saved!



An hour later

Hooray! ... More tracks! ... A second car joined the first one...



A real stroke of luck hitting this road

To be precise: we've really had a stroke!



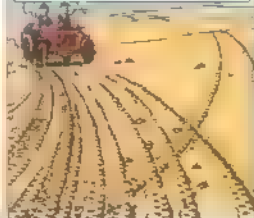
Another hour later

There! A third car joined the other two! We're on a very busy road

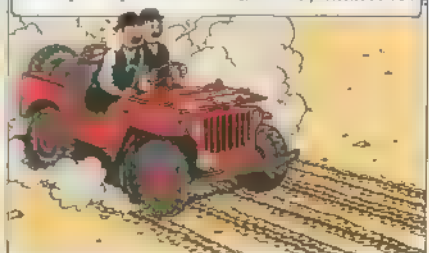


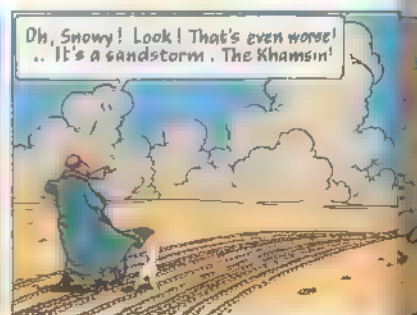
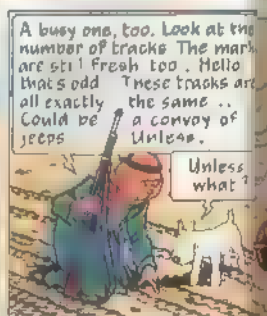
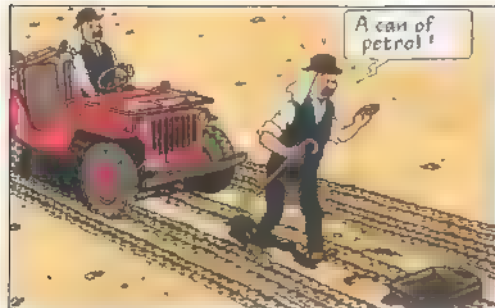
Several hours go by

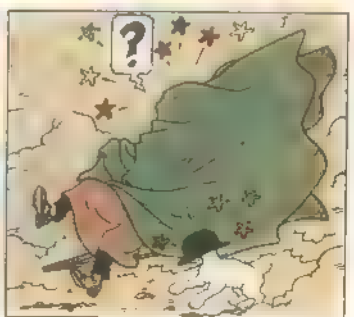
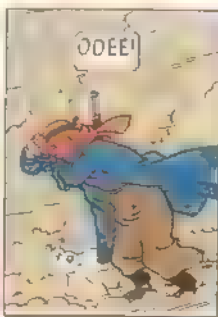
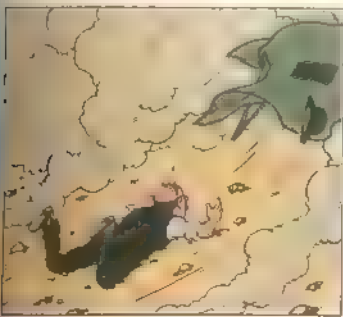
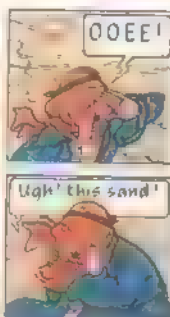
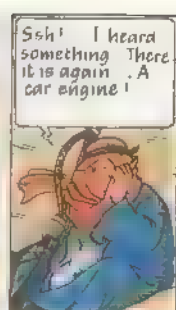
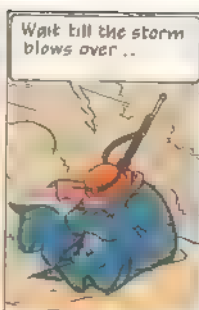
Another one! That makes the seventh

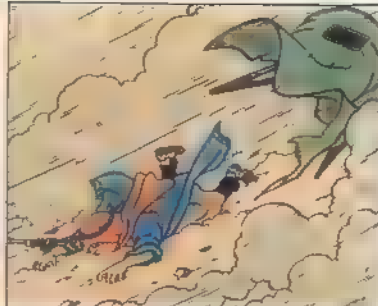
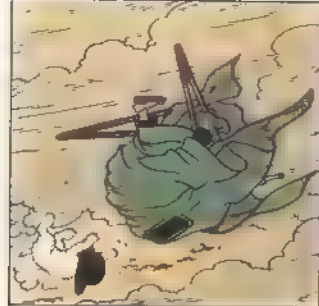


We're obviously getting near a big town and ... Hey! Stop! ... What's that there, ahead of us?

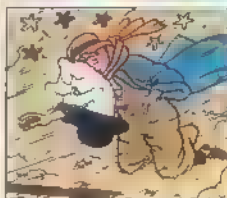




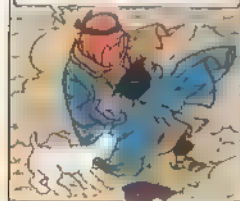




What happened?



Good heavens! A bowler belonging to one of the Thompsons! How can they possibly? Surely they couldn't?



Thomson! Coee Thomson!

Thomson! Coee! It's me Thomson!



Ee Thomson Tin. m.

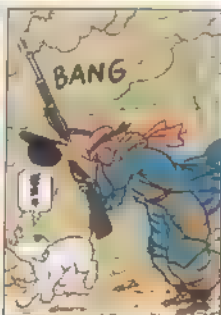
?

I say, did you hear anything? ...No... I thought I heard someone over there, calling our name
Come along, come along! It's just another mirage. Get in. We must move!



They've started the engine... They didn't hear me

My gun!... A shot! They'll certainly hear that



BANG

Hooray! They heard me! They've stopped again.

Coee! Thomson!

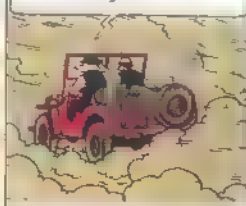
Nothing! The tyres this side are quite all right. Funny: I was sure I heard a loud bang
All well this side. Right on we go!



COOEE!... THOMSON!

...OMSON
?
?

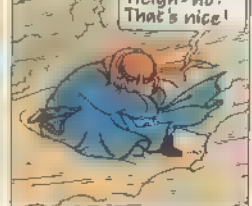
A mirage, my dear fellow.. And not for the first time ...I can't think why you're still taken in by them.. Come along!

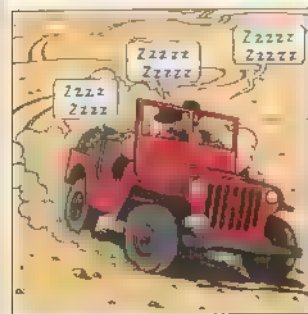
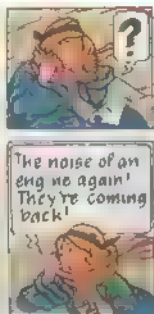
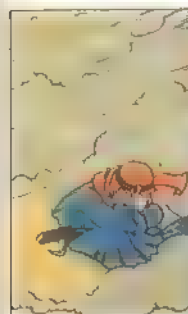


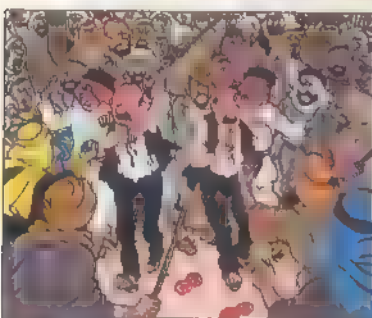
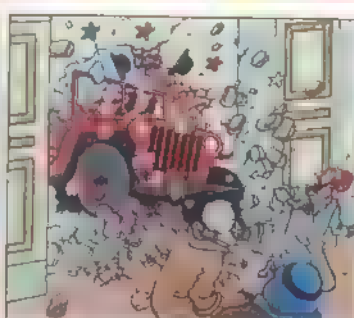
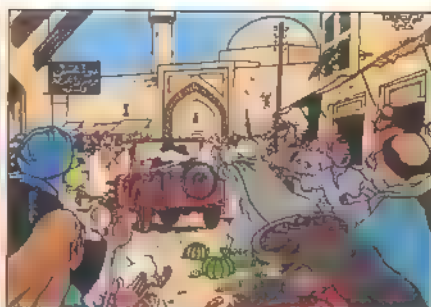
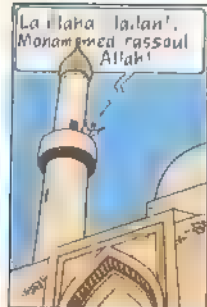
The sound of the engine is fading. Too late. They've gone

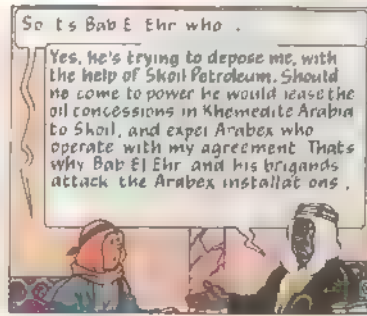
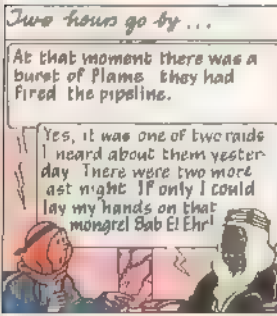
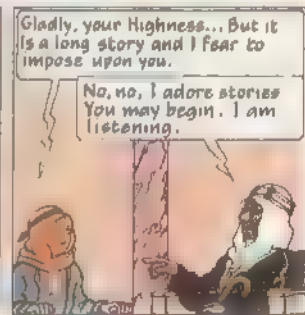
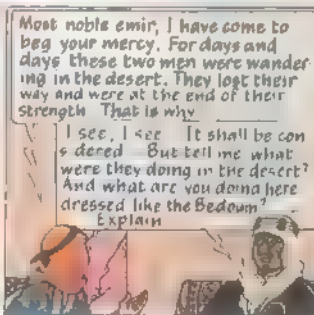


It's all over, Snowy ... We're done for...
Heigh-ho! That's nice!









It's very simple: if I sign a contract with Skoil the attacks will cease immediately. So why do I refuse to sign Professor Smith's contract?

Yes, why I wonder?

It is strange, I do not know why I am telling you all this... You are a stranger... I have no reason, but I trust you. So... Inch! Al an'... I refuse to sign the contract because I do not like Professor Smith and I do not like his Skoil Petroleum.

Oh?

But I have interrupted your story. You were telling how the saboteurs had blown up the pipeline.

They came running back and remounted their horses. I remained hidden behind the rocks... Suddenly...

Master! Master!
Oh! Master!

What's it?
who dares to disturb us?

Oh Master! Master! Your son!

Well, Ali Ben Mahmud, what new prank is my little lamb playing this time?

Heaven grant that it is indeed a prank! Master, your son has disappeared!

Ha! ha! ha! Disappeared! You knew my son you would laugh as I do. He's the naughtiest young rascal anyone ever saw!... Every day he thinks up some new little wickedness. But come with me you'll see for yourself.

He was in the garden Master.

Yes, yes, Ali Ben Mahmud, calm yourself!

There's the little motor car I gave him last week on his sixth birthday.

Abdullah! Abdullah! Where are you my treasure?

Abdullah! Come out now my little sugar plum!

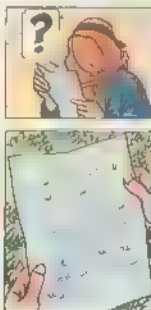
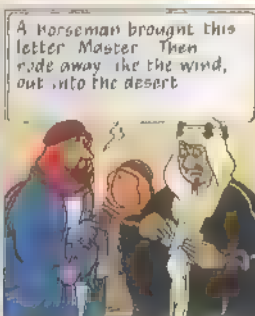
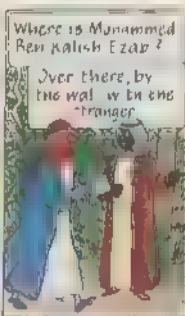
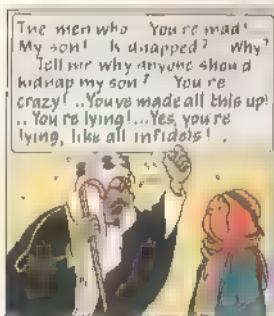
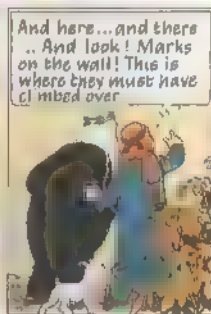
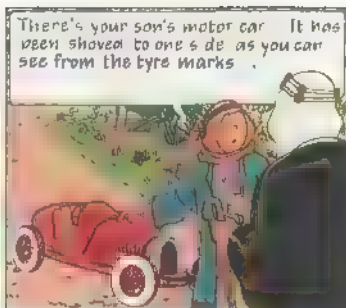
Abdullah my baby lamb kin.

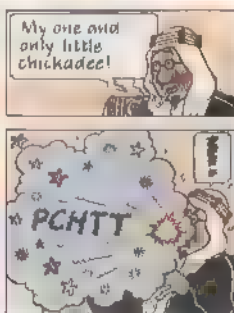
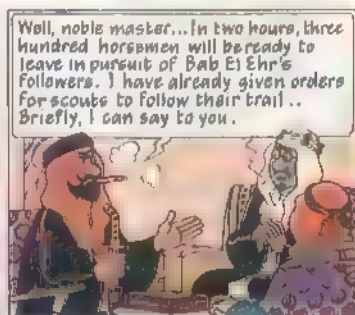
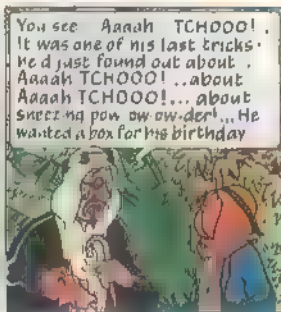
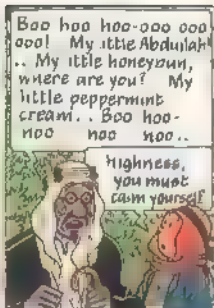
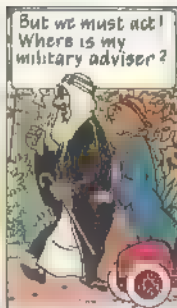
Abdullah! Abdullah! Where are you hiding?

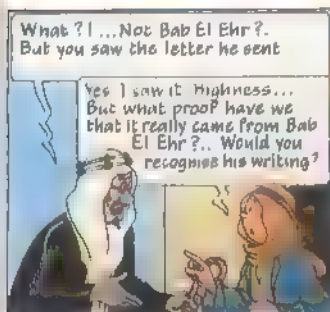
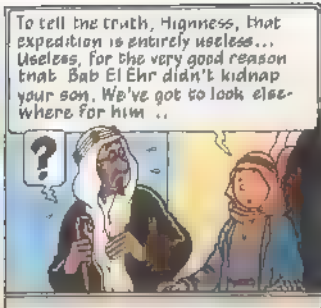
Abdullah, you little rascal, if you don't come at once Papa will be cross!

Excuse me Highness, but does your son wear a blue robe?

A blue robe? Abdullah? No! Why do you ask?







Another of his 'con-
founded tricks'!
Now where did he
get that?



Well, he's certainly quite un-
mistakable! Now I must
start my search, Highness.
Could you fit me out with
some different clothes?
And I'd like some informat-
ion on Doctor Müll. I mean
Professor Smith.



Professor Smith?
You think he can
help you find my
son?



He's an archaeologist,
digging for remains of the
ancient civilisations that
once flourished in these
lands... At the same time
he acts as representative
for Skoil Petroleum.

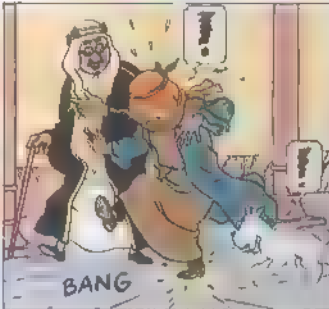


He lives here?

Yes, in Wadesdah, my capital...
about twenty miles from here,
on the coast. He lives in an enor-
mous palace, perched like an
eagle's nest on the top of a
cliff.



I see. There's
just one
more thing



BANG

Take no notice... Just a cap...
Abdullah scattered them every-
where. They moved things
up in the palace.



Oh?
I see

Where was I?... Oh, yes. The two friends
I mentioned. I have a great favour to
ask on their behalf. Please treat them
as your honoured guests. Lavish every
comfort upon them; take every pos-
sible care of them... But if you want
me to find your son, for pity's
sake, don't allow them out of
the palace on any pretext
whatsoever.



Next morning, in Wadesdah...



That must be Professor
Smith's palace, up there.



ATCHOO!



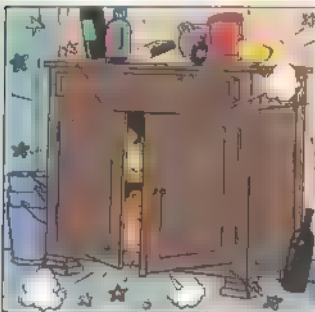
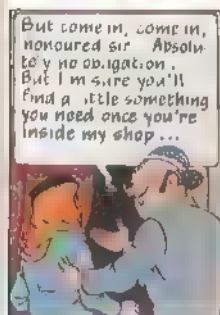
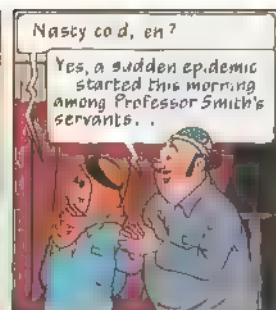
A cold? ... Or sneezing powder?
I'd better follow

ATCHOO!



?





Al right ?

There yes, a big mouse for a small trap!

Excuse me... A customer
I'll be back in a moment

Please don't worry
... I'll clean up the
mess while you're gone.

You see what
happens to
Nosy Parkers!

There, all tidied
up. Hello, a
radio. I wonder
if I can get any
news?

CLICK

What's the matter ?
Dead? ... It doesn't even light
up

Oh, I see The
plug isn't
connected.

There, it should
work now.

WOOAAAH!

?

The wrong plug! Let's
try this one...

Ah! My beauty
past compare
These jewels
bright...

Now...

I wear... Was
I ever Margarita?
Come, reply...

WHEET CRACK CRR
dern-bres nouvelles
d'Europe CRR
AA' AA'
HNET!.. HNET..CRR
The European news service

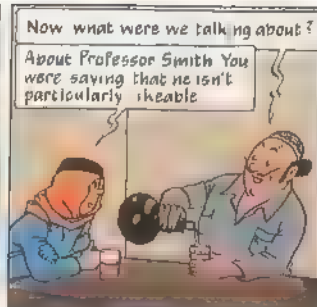
Following today's meeting of
foreign ministers a spokesman
indicated that there had been
a definite easing of tension...
An easing too of the outbreak
of engine explosions which has
bedevilled many countries. The
epidemic seems to have ceased
as mysteriously as it began.

In a statement, Mr
Peter Barrett, Head
of the Fuel Research
Division of the Minis-
try of Transport, told
our reporter he had
nothing to say, ex-
cept that his depart-
ment's investigations
were continuing...



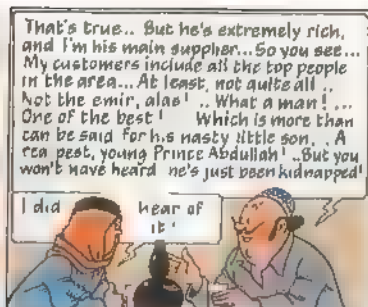
Here we are . Ah, you're listening to the news

Yes, the threat of war seems to be lessening, thank heavens!



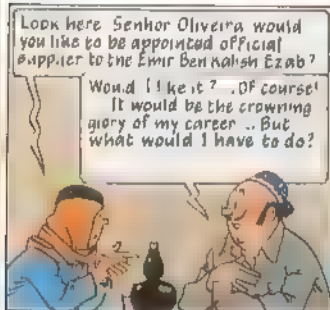
Now what were we talking about?

About Professor Smith. You were saying that he isn't particularly likeable.



That's true... But he's extremely rich, and I'm his main supplier... So you see... My customers include all the top people in the area... At least, not quite all... Not the emir, alas!... What a man!... One of the best! Which is more than can be said for his nasty little son... A real pest, young Prince Abdullah!... But you won't have heard - he's just been kidnapped!

I did hear of it!



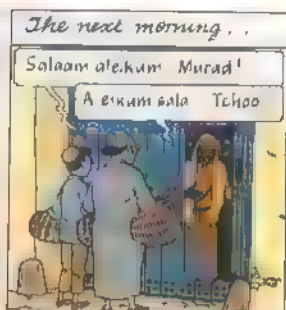
Look here, Senhor Oliveira, would you like to be appointed official supplier to the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab?

Would I like it? ..Of course! It would be the crowning glory of my career... But what would I have to do?



Help me recover Prince Abdullah. To do that, smuggle me into Professor Smith's house...

Professor Smith? What for? ..Well, if you like. It's quite easy. I go there each morning...



The next morning...

Salaam aleykum Murad!

A eyham sala Tchou



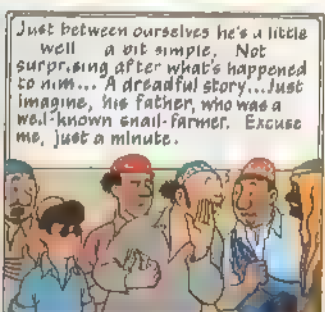
Who's the young stranger?

My nephew Alvaro. I want him to meet the palace servants.



My friends, let me introduce my nephew Alvaro, just arrived from Portugal. He's an orphan, poor lad... I've taken him into my family.

ATCHOO!

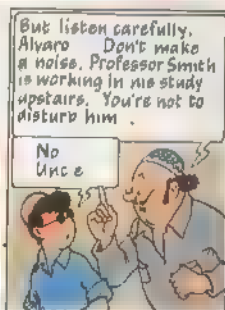


Just between ourselves, he's a little well... a bit simple. Not surprising after what's happened to him... A dreadful story... Just imagine, his father, who was a well-known snail-farmer. Excuse me, just a minute.



Be a good boy, Alvaro... While I'm busy with the gentlemen, you run and play in the garden... I'll call you...

Yes, Uncle

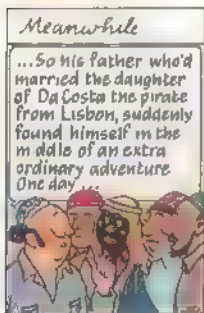
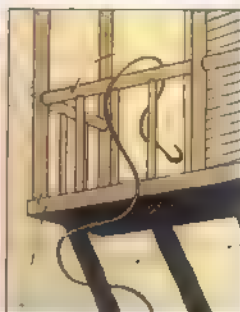
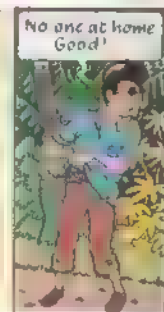
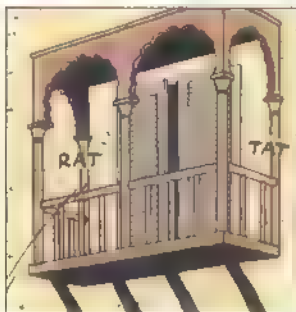
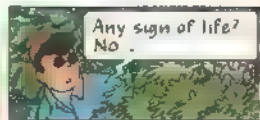
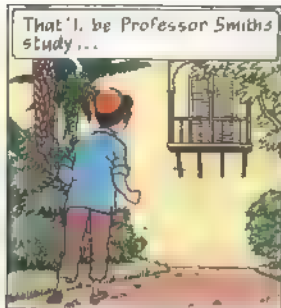


But listen carefully, Alvaro. Don't make a noise. Professor Smith is working in his study upstairs. You're not to disturb him.

No, Uncle



That's fine... He'll keep them safely occupied with one of his endless stories... but I mustn't waste time.



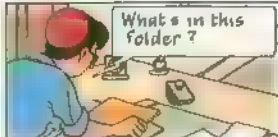
The key's in the door... And the doors locked from the inside! But there's no-one here... It doesn't make sense



I'll work that out later... First, let's have a look at the papers on his desk...



What's in this folder?



Hello... A File of newspaper cuttings...



SCIENTI
BAFFLE

MORE
PETROL BLASTS

by our Motoring C. c. n.

WORLD'S AIRCRAFT
GROUNDED

LONG ON M. d. d.

FUEL MYSTERY

What's gone wrong with our

pe... break of mysterious...

is... in... a... a... a...

the world's... a... a... a...

Now why should Dr Müller be interested in that petrol mystery? I wonder if...

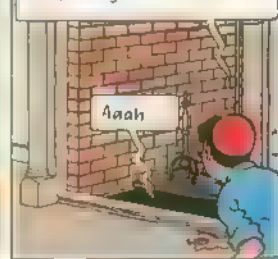


ATCHOO!

?!

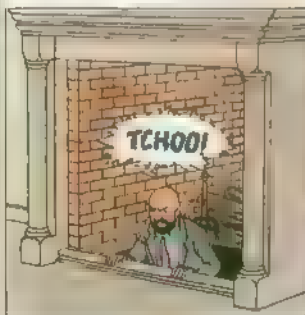


Great snakes! The hearth is opening!... I must hide!



Aaah

TCHOO!



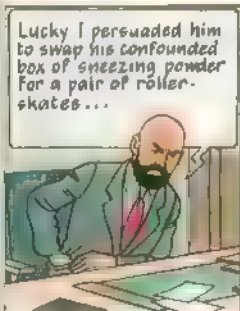
What's he doing in that corner?... Ah, I see... That's where a secret button for the trapdoor must be hidden.



Aaah... Aaah... TCHOO! ...Aaah... TCHOO! ... Ah, that little pest!



Lucky I persuaded him to swap his confounded box of sneezing powder for a pair of roller-skates...



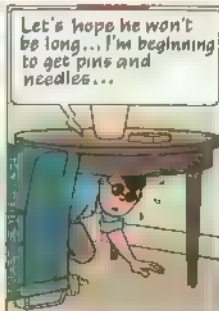
There... I'll burn it in a minute...

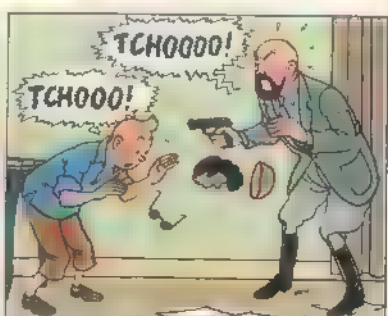
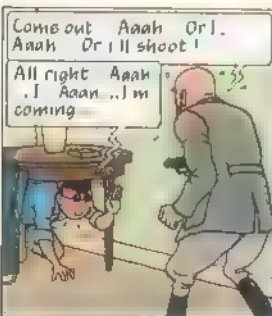


Drat! He's starting to write!



Let's hope he won't be long... I'm beginning to get pins and needles...





Tintin: ?

Yes, I... aaah
Aaah aaah

This time my friend, I'm
making no...
aaah

TCHOO!

AAAAH

That's knocked
him silly!... One
more

AAAAAAAAAH.

?

I'll break your rotten little
neck!

TCHOOO!

I really have knocked
him out this time!

AAAAH

TCHOOO!

Whew! Saved again! He's at it out cold! Quick! I must tell him up, gag him, hide him some where and telephone to the em r

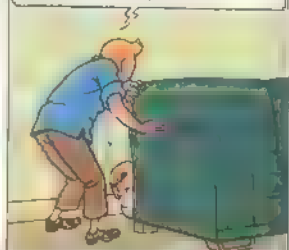


Meanwhile, in the kitchen

As the poor woman never got over the died of grief and shame, at the age of ninety seven. Her husband, broken hearted, soon followed her to the grave. But that wasn't the end of the terrible tragedies this unhappy family had to suffer. One day, the son



There, Doctor Muller. That's taken care of you!



Hello? Hello? Is that the royal palace?... I want to speak to His Highness... Tintin... Hello? Is that you, Highness?



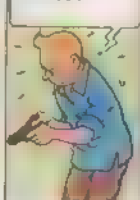
Tintin? Yes, where are you? With Professor Smith?... What?... My son there?... A prisoner?... What's that you say?... What?... Oh! You eneezed! Bless you!



You must send men to Wadesdah... Have the palace surrounded... Meanwhile, I'll try to rescue the prince



I can't say I like these toys, but this time I'd better be armed.



Now let's have a closer look at this



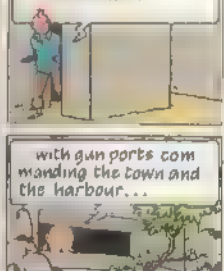
Concrete tunnels! An underground fortress



What's this?



A bunker...



with gun ports commanding the town and the harbour...

Crumbs! What a place!... A real Maginot Line!



AAAAH



TCHOO!



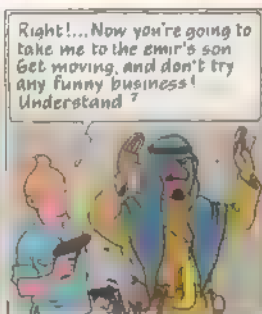
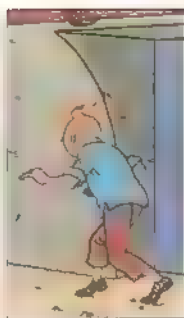
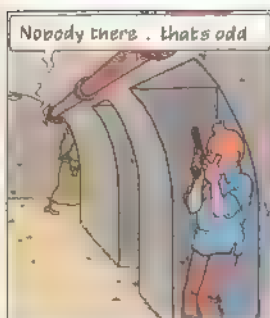
Is that you, boss?

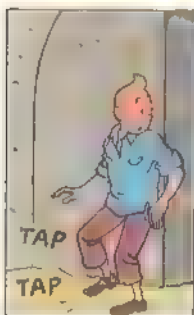
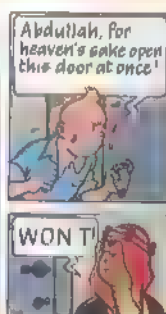
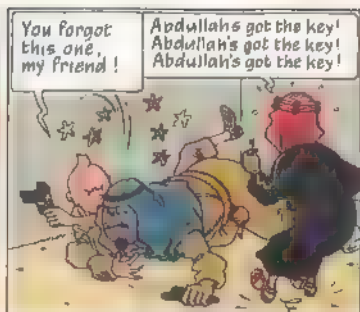


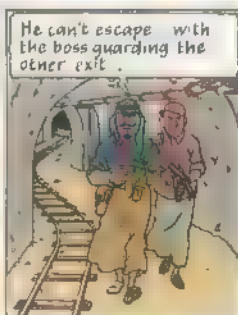
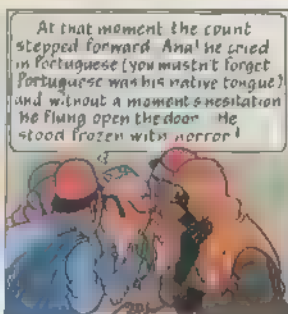
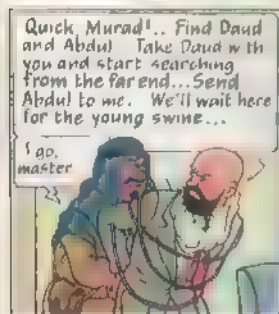
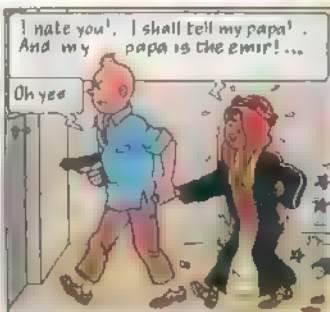
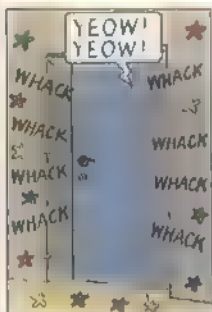
Boss? Is that you, boss?

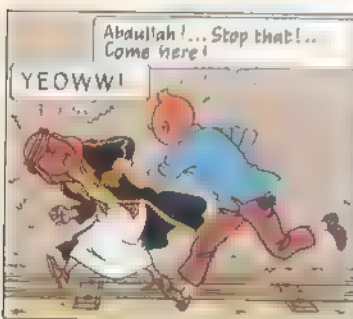
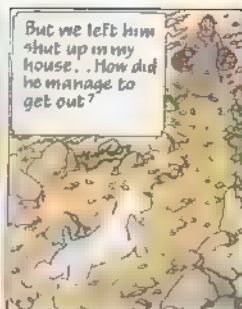


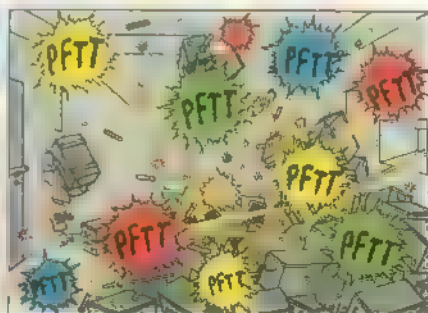
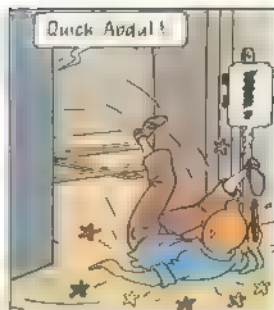
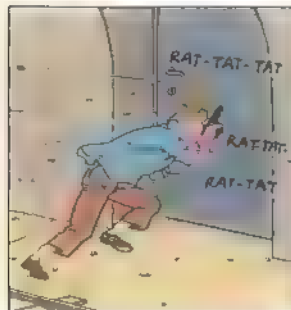
AAAAAH

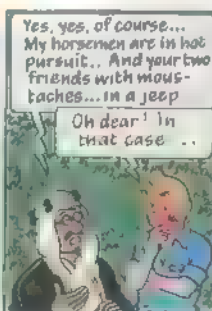
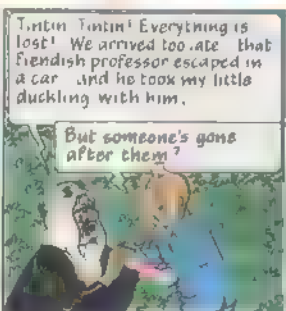
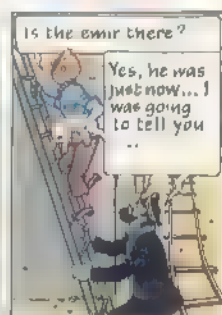
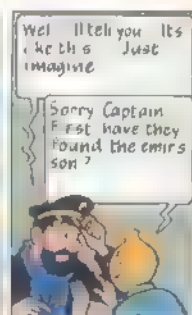
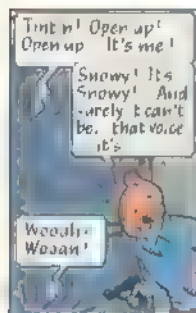
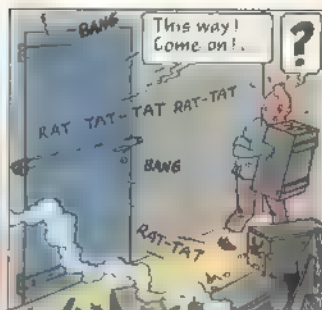


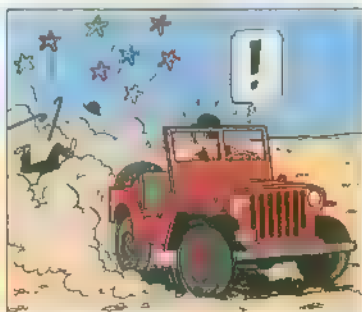
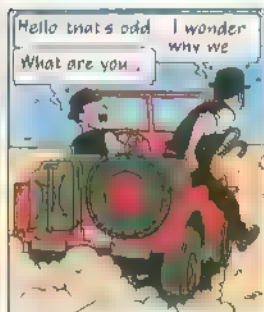
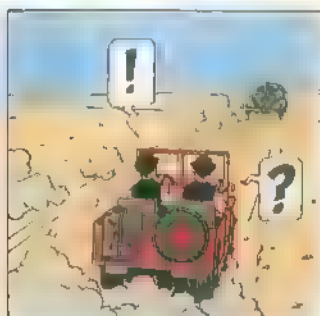
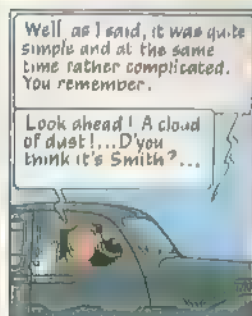
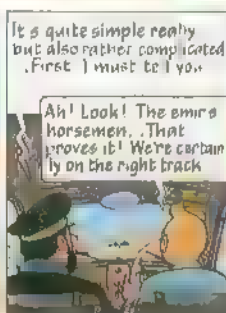








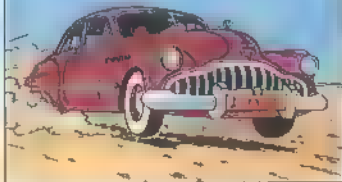




Moving?... Were we moving?... Oh, now I see... it must have been that other car... It passed us so fast I thought we were standing still...



Meanwhile



I'm thirsty!

So am I...

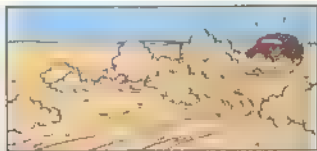


I want an ice-cream!

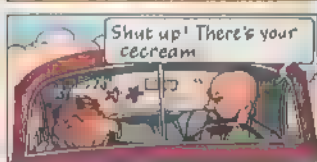
Later later.



No! I want one now! I want an icecream! I want an icecream!... Then I want to go home!...



Shut up! There's your cecream



Waaah!... Waaah!... Waaah!...

And cut out that racket or I'll... Sit down Abdullah!... Abdullah! Sit down here!



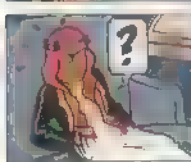
No! I want to sit here! I hate you!... I shall tell my papa!... And my papa is the emir!...



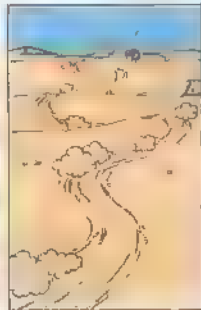
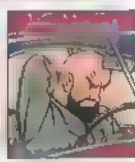
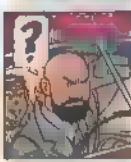
I know. I know.

Yes, you're right... I was just going to tell you... As I said, it was really quite simple... but at the same time rather complicated

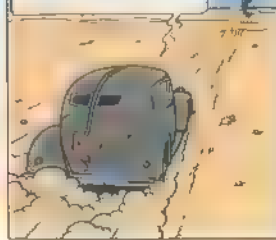
There they are! Another dust-cloud!... This time it's certainly Müller!

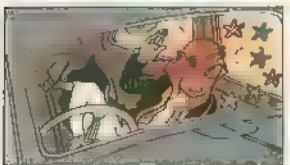
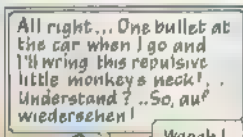
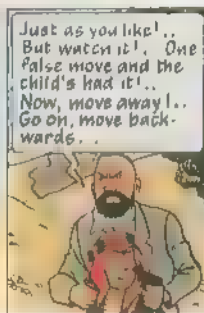
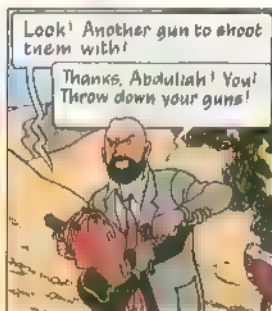
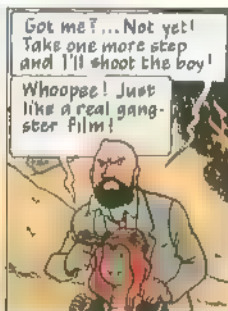
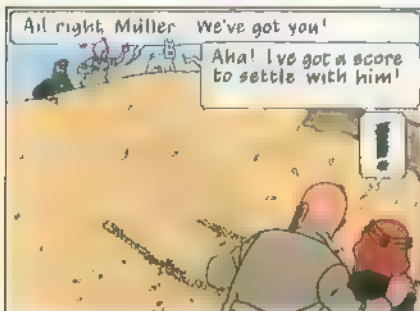
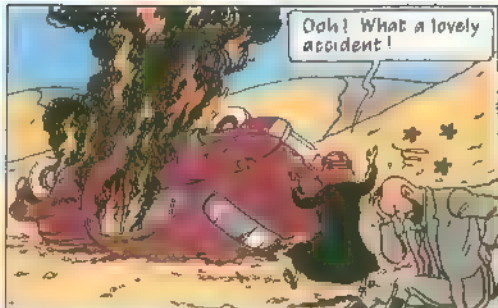
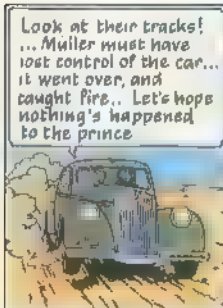


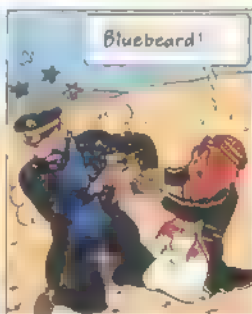
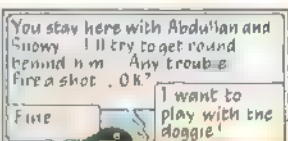
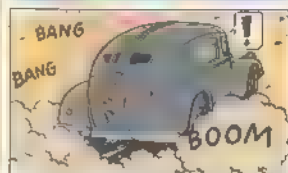
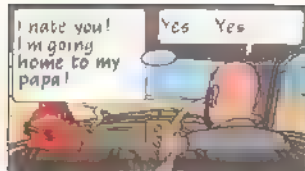
Hee! Hee! My tching powder!



Great snakes!... Smoke!... What's happened to them?









Billions of blistering barnacles!... You Arabian Nightmare!... I'll...



Müller!... Over there!... Cunning swine! He was sneaking round behind... Lucky for us Tintin intercepted him...



Ach! Teufel! My gun's empty... Lucky I've got Abdullah's...



Müller!... Müller!... Look behind you... That jeep's full of police... And that other cloud of dust is a brood of the emir's horse... You're trapped, Müller!



The emir's horsemen!... He's right!... I'll be captured... and handed over to that merciless fiend!... He'll torture me... put me on the rack!... He'll be impaled... roasted on a slow fire... No! No! No! I'll be impaled!



I told you I'd never be taken alive!... Now I keep my word!



Don't do it!... In heaven's name...



It was my ink pistol! I gave it to him, Blistering-Barnacles!



Driving in the sun has given me a splitting headache!



To be precise: I'm a headache too!



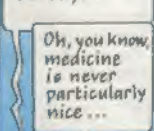
Hello! What's that there on the ground?



Aspirin!... What a stroke of luck!... One each, and our heads will vanish!

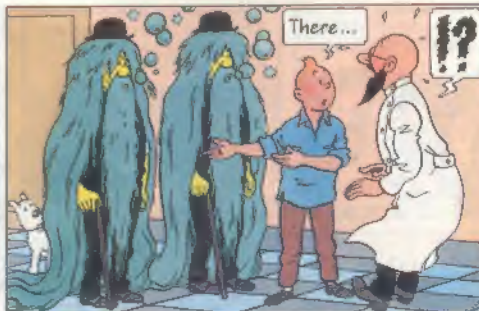
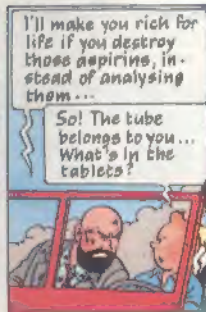
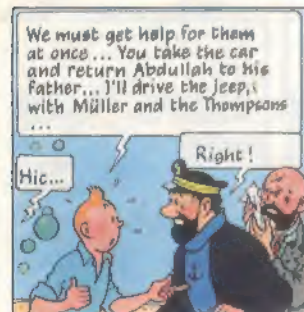
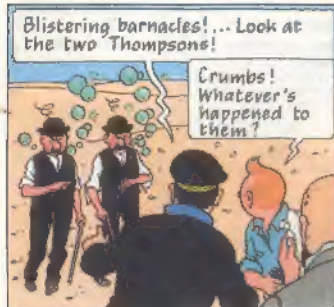


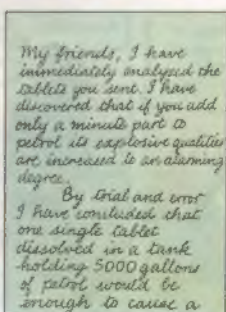
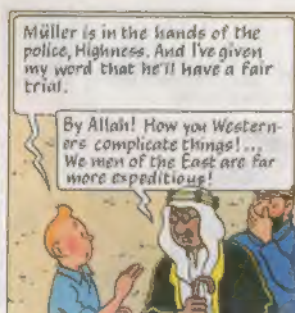
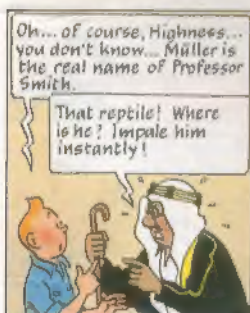
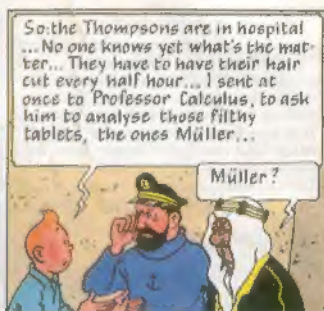
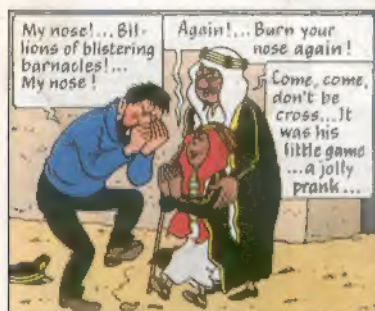
Tastes a bit odd, I'd say...

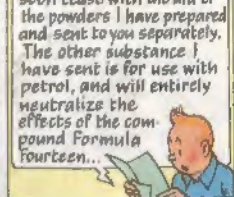
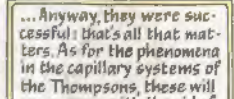
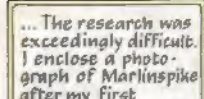
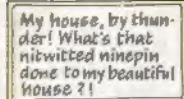


BHOOP... PHOOP...









Some weeks later...

"Each day of the Müller trial brings startling new disclosures. Today the whole mystery of the exploding car engines was revealed. It is now known that a major foreign power had developed a new chemical, known simply as Formula fourteen. This chemical, added to petrol, increased its explosive qualities tenfold."

"In the event of war, the agents of this foreign power could easily contaminate the oil reserves of the other side. The recent outbreak of car explosions was by way of a trial, on a reduced scale, of this new tactic. Thanks to the work of the famous boy reporter, Tintin, the secret of Formula fourteen has been discovered."

"...An effective antidote has immediately been developed by his distinguished colleague, Professor Cuthbert Calculus, to neutralize the effects of the chemical. By his prompt action, Tintin has undoubtedly prevented the outbreak of war. Better news too of the detectives Thomson and Thompson who inadvertently swallowed some Formula fourteen. They are now out of danger, and well on the way to recovery."



What about that? We had a narrow escape, eh? ... If it hadn't been for the Thompsons, we'd be at war! ... You know, Captain, you still haven't told us how you came to be mixed up in this business...

Well... Pff... It's like this... Pff... I think I told you... Pff... it's quite simple really... Pff... and at the same time rather complicated...

Would you believe it... Pff... I... Pff...

Oh, yes... Well, I... thank you, Highness...



Another of Abdulah's little tricks! ... And he promised me he'd be good! ... Ah, what adorable little ways he has!

Adorable!... Adorable!... I'll say he is!! ... Well, if you want to hear my story, it won't be from me!... Blistering barnacles, as far as I'm concerned, this is the end!

